

(IRELAND)

MORNING
CUP 21 g. 41/54

T H E
Wager-Mongers :
O R A
L A M P O O N
On those who laid Wagers on the Taking of
L Y M E R I C K.

HANG out a Flag ; for Pence a piece,
I'll shew you *Jason's* Golden Fleece ;
The Isle of *Colchos* upside-down,
By *Wager-Mongers* of the Town.

To *Lymerick* we our Letters sent,
To know the News was our intent ;
But our Returns were Lyes and Stories,
Of Loyal *Whigs* and Rebel *Tories*.
Some Swore that *Lymerick-Isle* was taken ;
Without *Medea's* help forsaken :
But when it was brought to a Tryal,
The *Tories* stood to their Denial.
No, by her Shoul, her is not right,
As shee's a Loyal Shacobite ;
Tee Wager's ours, tee Letters ly'd,
As her is on King Sheames's side.
And thus the *Wager-Mongers* sit,
Who had more Money than sound Wit,
Depriv'd of all their Seven Senses,
Curfing the past and present Tenses.
Some's left the Town, and gone to *Holland*,
And Some is on their Voy'ge to *Poland* :
And some to *Ireland* do repair ;
And some are gone the *Devil* knows where.
He that at *Mons* did gain the day,
At *Lymerick* Siege must run away :
And *F——*, who did *Hector W——*
Is now an Object fit to *F——* on.
Now tell me what the deepest Plotter,
The English, Welsh, or the Bog-trotter,
Who gain'd, gets by the empty Hamper,
When all the *Higlers* thus do Scamper.
But Man of Lo's, and of Despair,
That thought thy Revenues to rear,

From others Ruins ; be content,
What's past, there's no Man can prevent.
Take not, *Dear Joy*, for earthly Pelf,
A Halter now to Hang your self.

Then Courage Boys, a Turd for Gold,
You still may Mump when you are Old :
A Man of Valour's ne'er the worse,
To play a Saddle against a Horse.
For what you lost is not worth fretting,
It was of your Grand-Father's getting.
I Six-pence laid against a Shilling,
Tho', at the time, I was unwilling :
I lost my Money, but we drank it,
And for the off-come *Jove* be thanked.
Tho' of my Loss there's no Recovery,
I wish you all as fair Delivery ;
For I'm one of your Brother *Owls*,
Free of the Company of *Fools*.

An Animal, made up of Guts,
Whose Brains are gelded of their Wits ;
Who's Foolish both and Wise by chance,
Whose Apprehension's in a Trance,
Depriv'd of Fear, he hazards all,
Without respect to Stand or Fall.
Who lost these Wagers are but *Owls*,
And *Fortune* proves the Gainers *Fools*.
But he that lost and he that wan,
Is neither Wise nor Sober Man :
For he that wan he might have lost,
And whereupon had he to boast ?
Both may be fit for many things,
But none for Counsellors of Kings.

*He who for Riches hastens, shall,
In great Temptations, daily fall.*